But for thy world enioying but this land,
Is it not more then ſhame to ſhame it ſo?
Land-lord of England art thou now not, not King,
Thy ſtate of law is bondſlaue to the law,
And thou.

King. Ah lunaticke leane-witted foole,
Preſuming on an Agues priuiledge,
Dareſt vvith thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheeke, chaſing the royall blood
With furie from his natiue reſidence.
Novv by my Seates right royall maieſtie
Wert thou not brother to great *Edwards* ſonne,
This tongue that runnes ſo roundly in thy head,
Should runne thy head from thy vnreuerent ſhoulders.

Gaunt. Oh ſpare me not my brother *Edwards* ſonne,
For that I was his father *Edwards* ſonne:
That blood already, like the Pellican,
Haſt thou tapt and drunkenly carowſt:
My brother *Gloceſter*, plaine well meaning ſoule,
Whom faire befall in heauen mongſt happy ſoules,
May be a preſident and witnes good,
That thou reſpectſt not ſpilling *Edwards* blood.
Ioyne with the preſent ſicknes that I haue,
And thy vnkindnes be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too long withered flower.
Liue in thy ſhame, but die not ſhame vvith thee:
Theſe Wordes hereafter, thy tormentors be:
Conuay me to my bed, then to my graue,
Loue they to liue, that loue and honour haue.

Exit.

King. And let them die, that age and ſullens haue,
For both haſt thou, and both become the graue.

Yorke. I do beſeech your Maieſtie impute his words
To wayward ſicklynes and age in him:
He loues you on my life, and holdes you deere,
As *Harry* Duke of Herford, were he heere.

King. Right, you ſay true; as *Herfords* loue, ſo his:
As theirs, ſo mine, and be as it is.

North.

Line 6 A lunaticke — 15 brother's —
18 tapt out — Antepenult. Hereford
37 Herefords 38 and all be —

North. My Liege, old *Gaunt* commends him to yo
King. What ſayes hee?
North. Nothing, all is ſayd;
His tongue is now a ſtringleſſe inſtrument,
Wordes, life, and all, old *Lancaſter* hath ſpent.
Yorke. Be *Yorke* the next that muſt be bankrout ſo
Though Death be poore, it ends a mortall wo.
King. The ripeſt Fruite firſt falles, and ſo doth he
His time is ſpent, our pilgrimage muſt be:
So much for that. Now for our *Iriſh* Warres:
We muſt ſupplant thoſe rough rug-headed kernes,
Which liue like venome, where no venome elſe
But onely they, haue priuiledge to liue.
And for theſe great affayres do aske ſome charge,
Towards our aſsiſtance we do ſeaze to vs,
The Plate, Coyne, Reuenewes, and moueables
Whereof our Vnckle *Gaunt* did ſtand poſſeſt.
Yorke. How long ſhall I be patient? Ah how lon
Shall tender duetie make me ſuffer wrong?
Not Gloceſters death, nor Herfords baniſhment,
Nor Gaunts rebukes, nor Englands priuate wrongs,
Nor the preuention of poore Bullingbrooke
About his marriage, nor my owne diſgrace,
Haue euer made me ſower my patient cheeke,
Or bend one wrinckle on my Soueraignes face:
I am the laſt of the noble *Edwards* ſonnes,
Of whom thy father Prince of Wales was firſt.
In Warre, was neuer Lion ragde more fierce:
In Peace, was neuer gentle Lambe more milde
Then was that young and princely Gentleman:
His face thou haſt, for euen ſo lookt he,
Accompliſht with a number of thy houres;
But when he frowned, it was againſt the French,
And not againſt his Friendes: his noble hand
Did winne what he did ſpend, and ſpent not that
Which his triumphant Fathers hand had wonne:
His hands were guiltie of no kinred blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kinne.

Line 3. Nay nothing, — 11 kerne.